

3/6

DYNEVOR CASTLE,

WITH OTHER

P O E M S, &c.

80

By J. T. HUGHES, Esq.

" I left no Calling for this idle Trade—
" No Duty broke—no Parent disobey'd—
" While yet a Child—ere yet a Fool to Fame,
" I lisp'd in Numbers—for the Numbers came."

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LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

ALLOW me with heartfelt Satisfaction, to acknowledge the very flattering Support, I have received in this my *first* Publication, from a voluntary Subscription.----Gratifying as it is in the highest Degree to a young Man, (who came a Stranger into the Country) to receive such flattering Marks of Approbation, I am not so much surprized, when I know I am among a Nation, whose chief Characteristics have always been, SUPPORT TO THE STRANGER, and HOSPITALITY TO THE SOJOURNER.----Such marks of Esteem shall be always remembered by me with Gratitude and proper Regard.---With respect to the Performances here offered to the Public, I shall say nothing, they must speak for themselves, if they have Merit, my Friends will acknowledge it, if not, they I am sure, are generous enough to consign them quietly to Oblivion, as I make a public Apology, by declaring, that any Attempt of mine, always has been, and ever shall be, to please.

A 2

In

In my Poem of DYNEVOR, I have endeavored to describe Beauties from the Warmth of my Imagination, when I found myself in a Place where the Pencil of the Painter might riot in Revelry, where the Pen of the Poet might soar into Enthusiasm.

Trusting the whole of this small Pamphlet to the Generosity of a discerning Public, I remain with proper Thanks,

LADIES and GENTLEMEN,

Your obedient humble Servant,

J. T. HUGHES.

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* * * *Mr. HUGHES begs leave to apologize to his London Friends, for not inserting their Names, assuring them that a Want of Copies prevents him from fav'ring their Orders at present; he intends to print a second Edition, with Dispatch, when their Kindness will be solicited and noticed.*

E R R A T A.

Page 1st, line 13th, for "rears" read "bears."

Page 2nd, line 31st, for "rears" read "lifts."

Page 11th, line 177th, for "Fame" read "Name."

DYNEVOR CASTLE.

WHERE yon proud Ruin rears its awful Form,
Frowns o'er the Flood,---and braves the rushing Storm;
Where the bold Landscape from an outstretch'd Sky,
Bursts in wide Pomp,---and strikes the admiring Eye;
Be mine to trace the Beauties spread around, 5
Snatch the gay Scene,---and revel o'er the Ground,---
Here!---Nature thou! in blended Vest array'd,
With soft Assemblage hast thy Charms display'd;
Pour'd the gay Lawn upon the opening View,
Rear'd the proud Grove the Beauty to renew, 10
Brought all thy Graces from each Neighbouring Clime,
And plac'd them here,---to stand the Wreck of Time.
Lo! where yon Upland rears in lofty Pride
The Mountain-Ash, upon its lab'ring Side,

B

Where

Where the tall Fir-Tree tow'ring forth, is seen 15
Rising above in Tints of deeper Green,
There the old Castle rears its nodding Head,
A grand Memorial of the mighty Dead!
The mantling Ivy from the Ruin falls,
The Mildew drops from the o'erfretted Walls; 20
While the huge Oak, the Bulwark of our Isle,
Spreads her brown Arms,---and consecrates the Pile;
Here shall th' aspiring Muse attempt to trace,
The varying Beauties which DYNEVOR grace;
In roving Fancy, course along the Plain, 25
Or climb the Mountains of this gay Domain,
Or like the yelling Sea-bird, shew her Form
High o'er the Cliff, and chide the lagging Storm,
On yon rude Spot, where rising to the view,
The Brake and Fern display their blended Hue, 30
Where the pale Thistle rears her drooping Head,
O'er the neglected Ground, her seed to shed:

Here

DYNEVOR CASTLE.

Here listening Senates have with Wonder trod,
Bow'd to their Prince, and ratified his Nod:
Yes! gallant Nation!--uncontrouled and wild, 35
The free-born Muse will hail her Fav'rite Child;
Now while yon scowling Tempest rushes forth,
In Embryo Darknefs from the blacken'd North,
She pauses, (as it sweeps along the Glade)
To hail thy Virtues in a kindred Shade. 40
From distant Climes when Science took her Flight,
To greet our Northern Realms---with Beams of Light,
She late o'er Britain shed the genial Ray,
And long withheld the breaking Flood of Day;
Our Nation hardy as the stubborn Soil, 45
Clung to the Cliffs, which satisfied their Toil;
No Joys were known---no Troubles could molest
The hard strung Feelings of their native Breast;
Those soft Refinements which their Sweets impart,
And pour fine Feeling on the throbbing Heart; 50

These were unfelt,---no Conqueror could dispense--
To British Souls,---the Luxuries of Sense;
Tho' what these Victors spurn'd, they understood,
And felt "the Luxury of doing Good."
They when their Passions own'd no mild Control, 55
Some harder Virtues seiz'd upon the Soul;
These strung their Nerves, and cheer'd our manly Youth,
A Thirst for FREEDOM! and a Love of TRUTH!
To such great Ties, for Ages firm they stood,
And seal'd the Bond of Liberty, with Blood! 60
Each to his Native Law could dare to trust,
Warm in their Rage,---but in their Friendship just;
While greater Nations were to ruin hurl'd,
They stood th' impending Shock,---the Freemen of a World.
And thou! DYNEVOR could thy Genius rise, 65
And wave her gore-stain'd Banner to the Skies;
Could thy bold Chieftains who their Blood have shed,
Meet round thy Pile, with Laurels on each Head,

Thousands.

Thousands would start, prepar'd to meet the Fight,
And hail, with Joy again, Meridian Light, 70
GRIFFITH AP RHYS thy native Prince would rise,
And soar again,---a METEOR to the Skies.
Ye fragrant Shrubs, which scatter round Perfume,
O! weave a Garland on the Warriør's Tomb!
Ye Roses! here! the Dew's of Morn receive, 75
And droop, thus bath'd in Nature's Tears, 'till Eve!
When the sad Nightingale will pour her Lays,
And on the floating Breeze, sigh forth thy Praise:
Thus GRIFFITH! shall thy gentle Spirit rest,
And sleep, "with all thy Country's Honors blest." 80
The darkning Clouds around with Horror teem,
While the dim Moon conceals her orient Beam,
She, Night's fair Handmaid, darts a trembling Ray,
And mournful turns her moisten'd Eyes away:
Rise then, O Muse! to shew thy dreaded Form, 85
And call around the Demons of the Storm;

Through

Through the black Covert of th' extended Wood,
Which skirts the Banks of Towy's angry Flood;
The Fires of Heaven in azure Lustre sweep,
Blazing through Vistas o'er the ruddy Deep;
With lambent Flame they gild the Mountain's Side,
Play round each Shrub, and onward trembling glide,
Till the red Bolt upholds the dreadful Blow,
Rifts the proud Oak, and lays the Monarch low.
Ye dastard Regents of the boding Hour,
Who cringe for Lucre to the Rod of Power,
Remember well! no Sway was ever given,
To shield Oppression from the Wrath of Heav'n!
A Power like Lightning, may destroy the Brave,
Sweep down the Delegate, and spare the Slave;
Eternal Justice will each Action scan,
The Oak's a Monarch and the Shrub's a Man:
Borne on the dripping Pinions of the Blast,
Grim Death appears,---before the Storm is past;

90

95

100

Behold

Behold that needy Wretch ! who dares to brave, 105.

In yon slight wicker Skiff, the angry Wave ;

As the broad Light the misty Flood illumines,

To him the Fiend his dreaded Form assumes ;

The Victim he beholds with wild Delight,

Flashes the Lightning on his aching Sight, 110

Pours down the Torrent o'er his aged Head,

Or hopes to strike him with his Thunder dead :

But Mercy who to Justice is allied

(The twin-born Judges at the Godhead's side)

Receives with Joy the poor Man's trembling Prayer, 115

Withholds the arrowy Blow, and bids the Monarch spare.

From Scenes like these now turn me to survey,

Where rising Graces gild the Face of Day,

Where rosy Hours flit by on downy Wing,

To rear the smiling Beauties of the Spring ; 120

To grace DYNEVOR with a gayer Birth,

And shake soft Odours on the teeming Earth :

The

The dewy Hands of Morn, each Cloud unfold,
And tinge their Edges with a fluid Gold;
Prolific Sun-beams darting from her Eye, 125
Streak the grey Twilight of the dappled Sky;
While her soft Breath to cheer the Plains below,
Inhales the Vapor from the Mountain's Brow:---
DYNEVOR! on thy Battlements I stand,
And hail the Beauties of the laughing Land, 130
View the gay Morning in her graceful Mien,
And catch the glowing Beauties of the Scene:
Lo! to the right what varying Prospects rise,
Mountains on Mountains tow'ring to the Skies;
Some happier Hills are capt with springing Corn, 135
Others the Ruffet Grass and Heath adorn;
While some hung round with Woodlands peep between,
Or shew their Cliff-bound Tops, and change the Scene;
Still op'ning Beauties spread their Tints around,
Play round the Sight, and gild the happy Ground: 140

Lo!

Lo! where the glassy Streams of Towy fail,
And roll Luxuriance through the smiling Vale;
Extended Plenty every Fallow yields,
And streaks the greener Verdure of the Fields,
While yon huge Hill appears the Woods among,
And tow'rs aloft in all the Pride of Song;
Grongar! though other Rivals round thee rise,
And melt their Summits in the distant Skies.---
Though some may boast Pre-eminence divine,
Shew greater Beauties than alone are thine:
Yet shalt thou, while these untold Graces fall,
Swell from thy Base, and o'erlook them all;---
Then let me while I view thy brilliant Fame,
Borrow some Lustre from the honor'd Name.
Thrice happy he! who owns this nodding Tow'r,
Where Contemplation cheers the passing Hour:
Who now can view the Beauties here display'd,
And claim the op'ning Lawn and kindred Shade,

145

150

155

Where all the Virtues of his Fathers meet
To cheer the Poor---and ease the Pilgrim's Feet. 160
Could then the Muse a nobler Strain inspire,
In Notes melodious from her *Pindar's* Lyre,---
She'd pour the Praises which to thee belong,
In all the varied Elegance of Song;
Where'er she moves, the suppliant People bless 165
Thy fav'ring Hand which rais'd them from Distress,
Restrain'd the soft'ned Pleading of a Sigh,
Or wip'd the Contrite Tear from Passion's Eye :
A Tribute to thy Virtues, and their Praise,
An unknown Muse presents in humble Lays. 170
Happy, if while she weaves the Laurel Wreath,
Perfum'd with ev'ry Flow'rets dewy Breath;
Happy, if while the Gift the Graces twine,
She saves her Fame, by blending it with thine.
Then, O forgive the faint attempt of Youth, 175
Which points through Fancy's Eagle Eye to Truth :

POPE strung his Lyre to celebrate the Fame
Of *Windsor's* Grove, and wing'd his Flight to Fame:
And LYTTLETON, by Wit and Beauty fir'd,
Painted the Scenes which HAGLEY's Muse inspir'd; 180
Each by his finest Art has boldly given
The glow of Beauty, to an earthly Heaven:
Then may not I now hail DYNEVOR's Birth,
And paint the Graces of this Spot of Earth;
Or feebly dare, amid such smiling Vales, 185
To fix the real Paradise of *Wales*.

T H E
VESTAL'S ADDRESS TO EVENING,
TAKEN FROM THE NOVEL OF THE
"PHANTOMS OF THE CLOISTER,"
IN IMITATION OF SHENSTONE.

I.

THOU meek-ey'd Nymph of graceful Mien,
Mild Regent of this Peaceful Scene,
At whose Approach I rove;
Where sporting round each Zephyr brings,
Profusion on its Silken Wings,
While Music charms the Grove.

II.

II.

At thy Command flight Shades prevail,
The Beauties of the Wood and Dale
The soft'ning Tints retain;
While peeping o'er the Mountain's Brow,
The Car of Day in pageant Glow,
Lingers for thee in Vain.

III.

When misty Twilight marks her Reign,
And spreads her Veil o'er thy Domain,
The shadowy Scene to close;
I trace with Joy the dewy Glade,
To seek that Minstrel of the Shade,
Who lulls me to Repose.

IV.

IV.

“ Mild Songster! warbling on the Spray,
“ Why mourn you at the Close of Day,
“ When Nature sinks in Rest;
“ Say does thy Partner heedless rove,
“ Or do the Pangs of flighted Love,
“ Disturb thy anxious Brest.

V.

“ At Sight of me why droop thy Head,
“ Thy faithless Young perhaps are fled,
“ And you their Absence mourn;
“ If so, from me expect Relief,
“ For I will heal thy inward Grief,
“ And bid the Wand'ers turn.

VI.

- " I'll guard thee from each fond Alarm,
" And thy soft Melody shall charm,
" My wearied Soul to rest;
" No ruffian Hand will spread a Snare,
" The School Boy shall be taught to spare
" The Brood within thy Nest,

VII.

- " For I myself unhappy, roam,
" An Alien banish'd from my Home,
" And seek the lone Retreat,
" Where calm Reflection heals the Wound,
" And Contemplation scatters round,
" The Choice of every Sweet.

VIII.

VIII.

“ To pity thee I feel inclin’d,
“ For Sympathy has taught my Mind,
“ To foster Mercy there;
“ This Grove shall be the sacred Spot,
“ Where Pity’s Hand will raise the Cot,
“ And Kindness banish Care.

IX.

“ The Ground, O HENRY! where thy Shade,
“ In solemn Silence haunts the Glade,
“ An humble Shrine shall grace:
“ The verdant Turf and Vi’lets bloom,
“ The white Rose breathing sweet Perfume,
“ Will consecrate the Place.

IRREGULAR STANZA'S,

IN IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

TO THE ROSE.

GO blooming Flow'r, while yet thy Leaves
Retain the fragrant Dew:
Receive the Gale from LAURA's Breath,
Which shall thy Sweets renew.

And should she blushing, deign to press
Her lovely Lips to thine;
O fly with speed to this Retreat,
And make that Blessing mine.

D

IN

IN IMITATION OF PETRARCH.

ON SEEING A LADY ASLEEP.

THE Sun, around the torrid Zone,
In all the Pomp of Light array'd,
The blushing glories of his Head to hide,
Oft finks beneath the Clouds concealing Shade,

The helpless Traveller gazing wildly round,
Scorch'd on the Defart with the noon-tide Ray,
Perceives too late the recreant Heat inhal'd,
And views in vain the slumbering Blush of Day.

Thus

Thus LAURA when thy Eye-lids close,
When round thy Form the Dews of Sleep are shed;
The calm of Peace diffuses o'er thy Breast,
And dreams of Pleasure float around thy Head.

Alas! in vain my aching Heart,
Is from such fond Enchantment free;
Thy Smile once robb'd a peaceful Heart of rest,
And 'sleep or waking still it doats on thee.

THE BIRTH OF PITY.

FROM METESTASIO.

WHEN Pity first appear'd on Earth,
Virtue and Meekness view'd her Birth;
Hailing the Softness of her Tongue,
Where first her lisping Lays she sung.

As within a Desert wild,
In pleasing Hope they nurs'd the Child;
A Ring-dove flew into her Breast,
Which she with infant Warmth careft.

When grown up, each bewitching Grace
Smil'd in the Softness of her Face;
From Virtue then she ne'er would part,
But lived with Meekness in the Heart.

FROM

7

FROM METESTASIO.

YE Gales! which fan the tepid Air,
And sport around so gay and free;
This Sigh unto my Fair One bear,
But do not say it came from me.

Ye Streams! which roll the glassy Wave,
Where Sun-beams wanton gay and free;
O roll these Tears unto my Love,
But do not say they flow'd from me.

STANZAS

STANZAS ADDRESSED TO MARIA.

THE Sun, fair Maid, resembles you,
Who can the World controul:
Like him, your heav'nly Smile imparts
A Sunshine to the Soul.

Each beam of Light, which glads the Day,
Bids Nature's Charms improve;
And, like your intellectual Ray,
Expands the Heart for Love.

If thus you boast so soft a power,
And mild in Lustre shine,---
MARIA, cheer this gloomy Hour,
And make that Blessing mine.

A N H Y M N,
ADDRESSED TO
THE GREAT ETERNAL.

I.

PARENT of All! thou Source of Truth!
Scourge of Deceit! lo, age and youth
Implore thy heav'nly care.
Guardian of Liberty, approve
Our free-born Choice; thou God of Love,
O hear thy People's Prayer!

II.

II.

'Thou uncreated Pow'r, attend!
Our glorious, great, and only Friend;
Supreme, eternal God!
Author of Virtue, Source of Law,
Appear, and daring Despots awe
With thine almighty Nod.

III.

Creation owns thy sovereign sway,
The Seas thy boundless Power obey,
Nor dare usurp their mound;
Th' unfetter'd Winds their Wings expand,
The Thunder owns thy dread Command,
And hurls thy Vengeance round.

IV.

IV.

Fountain of Light! thy piercing Ray,
Illumes the lucid Orb of Day,
And bids Creation smile;
The Moon, thy fainter Lamp of Light,
Peeps through her dusky Veil of Night,
And sees us free from Toil.

V.

Unnumber'd Worlds, to us unknown,
At thy Command, around thy Throne,
In perfect Order move;
Other Suns pour Floods of Day,
And Stars, which Dart a feebler Ray,
People thy Realms above.

VI.

To worship thee with Awe and Fear,
We grandly deck the Temple here,
And consecrate thy Shrine;
Behold our smoking Incense rise,
And waft its Odours to the Skies,
To seek thy Aid divine.

VII.

Ador'd on Earth by all Mankind,
Thy Worship here is unconfin'd,
We feel this Bounty given;
From thee spontaneous Blessings flow;
The Heights above, the Depths below,
Confess a gracious Heaven.

VIII.

VIII.

The Godhead claims a nobler Shrine,
A Temple form'd by Power divine,
Where few on Earth repair;
Well may the Just their Bliss impart,
And feel an Heav'n within their Heart;
For God inhabits there.

IX.

The Warrior's Eye his Thought conveys,
For there omniscient Skill pourtrays
The Feelings of his Heart;
The timid Virgin's down-cast Face,
From thee enjoys a modest Grace,
Which bashful Fears impart.

X.

Whene'er the Orphan, helpless born,
From each soft Tie of Parent torn,
Finds no Support below;
Thy Mercy stoops the Child to rear,
He feels a fost'ring Parent's Care,
Whence all his Pleasures flow.

XI.

From thee the teeming Dews descend,
With Fruit the loaded Branches bend,
And shew their glossy Bloom;
Each scented Herb, and fragrant Flow'r,
Drops sweet Profusion from the Show'r,
And sheds a rich Perfume.

XII.

XII.

Array'd in Sweets, see lovely Spring,
Enchantress like, her Carols sing,
All Nature to inspire;
Our Breasts the magic Strains approve,
And breathing Tenderness and Love,
Dilate with soft Desire.

XIII.

Thy Children, scatter'd o'er the Plain,
Thy Votaries in our wide Domain,
To thee their Voices raise;
Those Countries where the Waters lave,
Of Seine, or of the Northern Wave,
Proclaim their Maker's Praise.

XIV.

XIV.

The Works of Nature are divine,
They thus confess the fiat thine,
And their Dependance own;
Each burning Sun, each pond'rous Sphere,
Which rolls an infinite Career,
Prostrates before thy Throne.

XV.

Thy Power in Concord they proclaim,
And blessing thine eternal Name,
Resound their matchless Lays;
Heaven's Concave echoes with the Strain,
And Earth, responsive, hails again
The glorious Notes of Praise,

XVI.

XVI.

The Monarch, seated here in State,
Surrounded by the Brave or Great,
Fears thine avenging Hand;
And Innocence, upheld by thee,
Beholds triumphant Villany
Debased at thy Command.

XVII.

When Ills assail, or Dangers press,
Thy heav'nly Spirit deigns to bless,
And ease our drooping Minds:
The Stranger breathes his fervent Pray'r
To thee, and guided by thy Care,
A sure Asylum finds.

XVIII.

XVIII.

Virtue, thy Worship here we own,
And humbly waft unto thy Throne
Those Vows we made sincere:
Inspir'd by thee, we dare to scan
Thy equal Law, the Rights of Man,
Which scepter'd Monarchs fear.

XIX.

Thy virtuous Spirit made us free,
And breathing Immortality,
Thy mage here display'd.
Tyrant and Slaves no Homage pay,
They scff, but dread the fatal Day
When Vengeance is repaid.

XX.

XX.

When virtuous Nations stalk the Field,
Protected by thy guardian Shield,
Secure they conqu'ring tread;
Thy Arm victorious spreads their Cause,
Thy bursting Thunder roars Applause,
And strikes the Guilty dead.

XXI.

Almighty Being! blest this Hour,
Against a rising Throne of Power,
Ne'er let thy Wrath be hurl'd;
So shall we stand the Shock of Time,
And bid fair Freedom hail our Clime,
The Mistress of the World.

* * *Some of the Thoughts in this ADDRESS TO THE DEITY,*
are borrowed from the French HYMN, written on the
Solemnization of the Grand Feté at PARIS.----but the
Author thought them so exquisitely beautiful, that he
translated several Passages, and humbly introduced some
of his own.

EXTEMPORE

EX TEMPORE STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON A STONE ON

LLANGUNNOR HILL.

Addressed to Miss ———

HOW wild the Scene in Fancy's gay Domain,
Where in rich Tints the op'ning Prospects smile;
Where the white Hamlet peeps amid the Vale,
And the bold Rock uprears the nodding Pile.

While the soft Breezes wave ELIZA's Hair,
Sweet as the Breath her Ruby Lips exhale:
While every Spring-born Flow'ret drops the Dew,
And shakes its Fragrance on the Morning Gale.

Then through the Bosom of yon hanging Wood,
My Fair shall rove in azure Sheen array'd ;
Cull the wild Blue-bell from the Mountain's Brow,
And weave the Primrose of the dewy Glade.

So while the Stream of *Towy* gliding on,
Smooth at her Feet in recreant Current laves ;
'Twill hail ELIZA wand'ring on its Bank,
The Queen of Beauty risen from the Waves.

A THOUGHT.

WHEN Genius feels her infant Warmth,
When Virtue guards the Embryo Flame;
Wisdom soon views the latent Fire,
And fans it with the Breath of Fame.

Thus cherish'd in an early State,
Bursting with Lustre on it flies;
And marks its Course, in recreant Blaze,
A Meteor streaming through the Skies!

THE

THE SEA-BOY.

WHEN the wild Winds sweeping round,
Rend to and fro the shatter'd Sail;
When the swelling Billows found,
And o'er the deep thick Mists prevail.
Aloft the careless Sea-boy sits,
'Till all the threat'ning Storm is past;
Rock'd in the "Cradle of the Deep"
Lull'd by the Pauses of the Blast.

But

But once poor Tom was sent above,
When the beating Tempest howl'd;
The broad-ey'd Lightning blaz'd around,
Aloft the bursting Thunder roll'd.
The wet Rope slipping through his Hand,
He tried to save himself in vain;
Then sunk beneath the curling Wave,
Never, alas! to rise again.

F I N I S.

But once poor Tom was left alone,
When the beating of his heart
The broad-eyed lightning flash around,
About the beating of his heart,
The wet rope slipping through his hand,
He tried to find a better way,
Then look beneath the cutting wave,
Never, alas! to rise again.

THE END

M.

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